769 224 826 The veneration of skulls likewise occurs in the case of the hunting medicines. The skull of a man killed by violent means, whose corpse remained on the spot (if the man belongs to the same kinship group), is kept in a bark box and taken care of as in ancestor worship. When a huntsman kills a wild animal, for example, he takes the first piece that falls to him in the distribution of the meat to the skull as a thanks offering. This piece consists of the sex organs and the flesh around them (ekĭ]ă', see Fig. 92 in Vol. I). After he has taken it to the skull, he carries it off again [262] to eat it himself. On the other hand, if there has been no luck on the hunt, a chicken is killed for the "man" in the box so he will see to it that a wild animal soon appears in front of his protégé's rifle and will be hit as effectively as he was in his time.

721 789 In addition, the Fang have a great war medicine, a celebration which is called aŋgūŋgu and is a companion festivity to the engongeschok. On this occasion, a sacred place is set up, a subterranean corridor similar to that described in the case of the Ngi /Ed., not translated/ is dug, and a dwarf antelope, Cephalophus [825] melanorheus Gray (ogbwŭ,n), which must have been caught alive, is brought to the place. Then the medicine man stations himself at one end of the corridor, and all the other men, armed with rifles, [824] hang a seed of the Sorindeia rubriflora Engl. (afá'ne[ k]) as medicine around their necks, and crawl -- the first with the antelope in his arms -- through the corridor. At the exit, the medicine man gives all of them, including the antelope, a medicine. The antelope is thereupon released, and it is believed that when a surprise attack is planned and the enemy has got wind of it, the animal will appear and thereby warn the attackers. By way of medicines to secure the /167/ necessary courage for such an attack, five different ones are available.

777 226 224 The medicines for trapping and fishing are rarer than the shot medicines, a sign that these occupations are more in the Pangwe's blood than open hunting. I have taken down only eight plants for fish medicines and twelve for trap medicines.

791 in a while there is some truth to it." Or, like our countrymen who in other respects consider themselves enlightened, they will adopt the standpoint: "After all, you never can tell . . ."

791 The unsuccessful soothsayer does not have to look far for ridi-
558 cule. In Bebai I heard a poem ridiculing a man from the Ntum region who had been deliberately taken in. One man hid his chopping knife in his house in the presence of witnesses and then went to the soothsayer to ask him quite innocently to tell him where the knife was that he had lost. After all kinds of mystification and tomfoolery the soothsayer answered that the knife had been stolen in the field during the clearing of the farm. Amidst the hilarity of all those present, the "victim of the theft" produced the knife from where it was hidden, and the soothsayer departed, shamed.

●721 In times of war, however, the soothsayer's reputation is re-
787 established. Before setting out against the enemy village, the entire company of young men stand around him in a circle, the soothsayer leaps about with the horn in his hand, shaking it according to all the rules of his art, and then suddenly points it /196/ to one of those standing around him, saying: "You will be killed, or (pointing to another) you will be wounded if you go into battle." Or the wise man says: "You can go confidently into battle for nothing will happen to you," but he will say this -- if we may trust his shrewdness -- only to those who in any case tend to stay in the rear. The person who has received a bad "prognosis" stays safely at home, and in this way the soothsayer is seldom found out.

787 In Volume II, page 108 ("Religion") /Ed., not translated/ we saw that the Pangwe believes he can read the future from dreams through appropriating the power of the soul by holding his head in the resin fire kindled on the grave. In so doing he learns to distinguish true dreams from false ones, and consequently comes to recognize what the future will bring.

I am not acquainted with animal oracles in the south, but among the Jaunde there is a spider oracle. Zenker (1) writes about

1. G. Zenker, "Yaunde," in Mitteilungen von Forschungsreisenden und Gelehrten aus

517 from this comes about the endless palavers about everything and nothing, for lack of anything else to do.

● 721 However, if for one reason or another war threatens the tribe or has to be declared, the Fan then seems to awaken from his lethargy. Before the decision to fight, [550] there must be lengthy palavers. The totem has but a small part in these palavers, but no warrior would put in his word without having first taken his totem in hand and given it a brief scolding, often just one word, an exclamation, which only the most attentive would hear.

721 637 When all the warriors have had their say, the chief rises and sums up everything that has been said, before beginning his own speech. During this report, he usually remains at his place. He then goes to the middle of the assembly, his chief's baton in his hand and across his chest the baldrick from which the akaméyòn always hangs. "I am so-and-so," he begins, "son of so-and-so, and my father was chief of the race. We are the sons of such-and-such totem, and our akaméyòn protects us." After [201] these words, he stamps on the ground with his foot, or more often, with his baton, as if to testify to the truth of what he has said, and then gives his own opinion. When he has finished he holds up the tribal totem to bear witness to his words, then returns to his place.

779 721 782 If war is declared the totemic ceremonies are more pronounced. At first they will be nearly like those described for the initiation and consecration of the chief. The same altar is put up in the forest with the same rites; wood of the éfirfira is again used for construction. On the appointed day, all the warriors make their way into the forest, each head of a family carrying his évora biéri. The skulls are set out on the altar, and each totem at its place. The victim is then brought forward.

The scene at this point changes completely. Neither a dog nor a kid is immolated -- it must always be a man, either a prisoner of war or some captive bought back from a neighboring tribe. A woman may never replace a man. Nor may a man or child belonging to the tribe, nor one whose mother belonged either to the tribe or to an allied tribe, be used as victim; for

779 721 782 that would be against totemic law and would mean sacrilege. In order to avoid this ritual offense, which would necessitate expiation and would necessitate expiation and would furthermore wipe out all the efficacy of the sacrifice, the chief first of all approaches [551] the victim, and asks his name, race, and tribe. Is there no obstacle to the sacrifice? "A ne mvɛ," he cries, "a ne nwuba (he is good, he is 'dedicated')!" The man is then tied to the foot of the altar and very rarely does he resist. [761] All Africans resign themselves to death with almost unconscious ease, when they see that it is inevitable. (1)

1. In certain villages I have sometimes met such men destined for sacrifice, because they are often kept for many weeks. They walked around in the villages, apparently free, well fed, and well treated; the only sign of their captivity was a rather light block of wood well fastened to one of their feet, which they dragged along. Within the village this shackle was not much of an encumbrance, but in the forest it would have been an almost insurmountable obstacle to flight. Countless times, I have offered either to help them escape or to have the colonial authority free them. "What for?" they used to reply; "I'm well fed and treated; death is going to come anyway. Awu nzu mbɛmbɛ! (What's the use!)"

[276] So as to prevent any possible struggle, the evening before, the victim is given an intoxicating beverage, containing mostly the juice of ebɛ and of yam (hemp). As soon as he has been tied to the altar, and the chief has pronounced the ritual words, the warriors start putting on their war dress. First they paint their bodies red with baza (1) dye, and upon this first layer they

779 721 782 302 386

1. Pterocarpus angolensis: the wood is

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mashed and mixed with oil and produces a splendid, very lasting red dye.

draw white horizontal lines with white clay (mfem). A wide black circle is traced around the eyes; on the forehead each one draws the likeness or symbol of his tribal or clan totem, or instead, they sometimes draw it on their temples or cheeks. Thus the "axe" of the Amvom, actually the likeness of a boa, their totem serpent, winds over their cheeks and temples and ends near the eyes. To enliven this image, the juice of a grassy lily, the chlorophyton (ayân é si) is used, which gives a long-lasting, blueish color. On the chest each one then draws his individual totem in black with gardenia juice.

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Once they have finished these preparations, the warriors pick up their weapons and fetishes and begin the war dance, which consists of two parts: a totemic dance and then the real war dance, [552] which has a stronger beat and is more lively. I have already described this before in connection with the war song, which here accompanies the dance.

After the war dance the chief approaches the victim. He is forced to his knees; the practitioner draws a white line on his neck, then violently pulls his head forward, while an assistant twists his arms behind his back. The practitioner cuts off his head at one quick blow with the sacrificial knife, and tosses it onto the altar. The chief collects the spouting blood in a pot kept for the purpose, a new pot which will afterwards be broken. As soon as the blood stops, the corpse is laid on fresh banana leaves and the practitioner, helped by the chief, opens his chest, taking care to use only two knife strokes: one across and one up and down. The heart is taken out and placed beside the skulls; then the lungs and liver are removed. According to the body's [787] last twitching and the position of the organs, the practitioner predicts the outcome of the war. It will either be fortunate or cause the death of many warriors. "The funeral songs will last a long time," he may say, and the crowd will raise a cry of distress! If on the contrary the auguries are favorable, there will be shouts of joy, a song of triumph and gladness.

721 Everyone then comes near, the chief first, and dips a finger
779 into the pot of blood and tastes it. The practitioner also dips in
782 his finger and with it touches each warrior's totem to make the
266 so-called racial mark (ndem ayôn). "Adopted" warriors are ex-
608 cluded from this ceremony, perhaps the only occasion when a distinction is drawn between them and the tribe; in some smaller clans they are not excluded from this ceremony.

721 When a tribe is populous and a single victim would not be
779 enough, two, three, and sometimes ten or more are provided.
782 As soon as each warrior has thus "renewed the mark," the sacred dances start again. During that time the chief joins in at first, then takes what remains of the blood, smears his ancestral skulls with it, and then sprinkles the tribal totems while the warriors sing the totem song. [553] The practitioner, helped by
[824] his acolytes makes a kind of large sticky ball from the sap of certain rubber creepers (1) and a kind of gum,(2) and knead it inside

1. Landolphia Klaineana and Thollonii of the Apocyneceae.

2. This gum is produced by the Acacia erubescens Wildm. of the acacia family.

the victim's thoracic cavity so that it becomes soaked with blood.
[787] At the end of the ceremony he takes a bit from this ball and applies it to each warrior's chest. According to how long it sticks, it will give an augury about the warrior's life, death, and the wounds he will receive.

721 As soon as the ceremonies are completed the victims are
782 cut into thin strips, and each person receives his share. The feast
266 begins. This is the end of the actual totemic ceremony, to be followed from then on by purely religious and fetishist rites. I therefore need say no more on the subject.

721 After the meal, the dance, and the songs, the skulls and totems are put back in the évora biéri and carried back to the huts.

● 721 Everyone then prepares for battle.

## V. Large Hunting Expeditions

224 Apart from war, the principal event in Fan life consists of large hunting and fishing expeditions, organized by the whole tribe, which are always an abundant source of riches. Since an event of this sort concerns the clan or tribe as a whole, the totem plays a part, but to a rather limited degree.

For individual, private hunts only the individual totem is invoked. The ceremony is very brief, if it can even be called such. It consists, not of homage rendered, but rather of what might be called a preventive ritual. In no case does the hunter want to kill his totem, for that might draw down upon him the gravest dangers and greatest misfortunes. Before going off to hunt, while loading his rifle, he will see to it that his totem is touched against the rifle. Furthermore, if he is undertaking a more important hunt, as for elephant, or a more dangerous one, as for panther, he will mix with his powder a bit of the ashes [554] from his totemic sacrifice. He will then invoke his hunting fetish, often merely by touching it. The main object of these ceremonies is to ask the totem's help and also to keep the totem out of the way so as not to be exposed to any ritual offense, either by unwittingly failing to respect it or by wounding or killing it.

For large hunts the ceremonies will be quite similar, though a bit more complicated. This, in brief, is how big hunting expeditions are arranged: The Fan begin by hemming in a whole forest. Several hundred -- sometimes many more -- men come together and begin by surrounding the chosen forest with a belt of rattan wattles; a creeper winds above the wattling, following the same route, and to the creeper the hunters tie here and there dry leaves of light reeds whose slight rustling when disturbed is enough to frighten the game. There is a break in the barrier at each path into the forest, where a deep ditch is dug and carefully camouflaged by boughs and sometimes so well covered with earth that even the most wary are deceived. A pointed stake is set in the bottom of the

8: Bennett D-5 (ca. 1898) 1899 FH9 Fang FH9



832 584 583 gives him (the father) the *beki* (dowry). The father of the young virgin takes the goods to his town; the young man remains in possession of the woman.

They marry with *biang-ndoma*, eloping medicine thus.

This is *Biang-ndoma.*

721 789 *Biang-akong* (war medicine).—Told me by Fam-deu, a Fang, Esisis clan, at Foulabifong, Nkomo river, April 19th, 1898. This *biang* was illustrated to me; a leopard tooth is the *Biang-akong.*

Make a bowl of war medicine, of leaves, roots, and bark. Call all people of the town. Drop the leopard tooth into the medicine. If the point of the tooth *looks* toward the people we have a palaver (trouble) with, then we must go and fight and we will win. If the root of the tooth points toward the people we have a palaver with, then we must *tabe si* (sit down) or our enemies will win if we go to fight them.

This is the *Biang-akong.*

789 619 622 *Biang-akamayong.*—This *biang* is the protector of the tribe or nation (*ayóng*, tribe). Told me by Esôya-ôvum, the headman of Foulabifong on the Nkomo river, who sold me the complete set of the *Biang-akamayong* belonging to the dead headman "Commisan." I present this *biang* for your inspection this evening. The tin canister was obtained from a white man and is used in place of the usual basket to carry bones in. It contains portions of the skull of an albino (male), portions of the skull of a *mon nguri*, young chimpanzee, red powder and a variety of native medicine.

[726] [534] This *biang-akamayong* is always carried by the headman of a town during war. A bell hangs from the bottom of the canister containing the bones; it rings when the headman walks.

*Nko.*—The small horn belonging to the *biang-akamayong* has *ngom* (porcupine tail) in it, also native medicine. It is used to cure people having witches. A bowl of medicine is made. The *ngom* is dipped in the medicine bowl and the sick person sprinkled with the medicine. Then the witch departs.

At this point the headman Esôya stopped talking. He said, "The children who have gathered around your house must go away; no real man dare talk about the *biang-akamayong* before women and children." I told the children to go and Esôya continued.

*The whistle.*—This is part of the *biang-akamayong*; it has been cooked (boiled) in the medicine bowl and has great power when used by the headman in calling the men together after a fight.

789 619 *Moul.*—This is the large horn with a piece of looking glass on top. This horn contains much medicine, and next to the bones is the most important part of the *biang-akamayong.*

The two small antelope horns, and the small bundles of medicine, are *biang e soli* (hiding medicine); it makes the person carrying the *biang-akamayong* invisible to the enemy.

8: Bennett D-5 (ca. 1898) 1899 FH9 Fang FH9



fifteen) take their flint-lock muskets, heavily loaded with trade powder and a handful of broken iron pot (iron trade pots) or small stones, and creep up close to the town after dark. Two men try to enter the town unobserved; if they succeed, then they knock at the door of a hut and say, "We are strangers travelling; give us fire and food." Directly a person inside the house opens the door, both men discharge their guns into the house, and immediately run for the bush toward their comrades. The whole town is soon in pursuit, and unless careful they run into an ambuscade prepared for them. A fight may occur, but more often the attacking party return to their town in triumph, shouting: "We are real men, we are real men, we have been to town, we have shot a man (or woman), we are men —real men." There is great rejoicing in their town, and a dance follows. If the palaver is a serious one, the town is often stockaded with split logs placed vertically in the ground; huts are likewise stockaded. Poisoned bamboo spikes are buried in the forest paths to wound the feet of an enemy. The weapons used and relied on to-day are flint-lock muskets. Spears are rapidly falling into disuse. The cross-bow is only used for shooting birds and small bush cats. It is a mistaken idea that the arrows used with the cross-bow are poisoned. Shields are not used. The chief causes of war are disputes over women, hence called "women palavers," and these feuds may last for years. Prisoners are often permitted to starve to death, and are occasionally killed and eaten. Owing to a bitter feud it is often impossible for the women to work in the gardens or fish on the river, the consequence being a great scarcity of food. In Foulabifong, where I resided, a woman palaver lasted over ten months, and the three adjoining towns were in a state of famine. A prisoner was nearly starved to death, and I had to repeatedly plead for him. During these feuds many women are shot while walking the paths. The Fang think it quite correct to shoot a woman; they say, "It is always *safe* to shoot a woman because she cannot shoot back." Prisoners are frequently exchanged, others are held as hostages.

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*Abal (war). Translation.*

If people are going to war they go in crowds. If they approach near the town (of the enemy) they hold a council. An old man (one) he says thus: We will go to fire when? Then the others say, We will go in the night. Then they stay (sit) there until night. Darkness comes, and they light a torch. Then two or three people go to the town, and the other people remain in the bush. If the people who went to the town find people sleeping, then they point their guns inside a house and fire. Then people die. Then they go back running to meet the other people. Then they all gather in one place and return singing to their own town. Then they beat the drum and rejoice. Then the people who remained in the town say: Tell us the news as you went. Then they tell the news. Then the headman sits down and tells all the people in town that a person must not go anywhere alone. Then all the people hear, and all sit down (remain around their town to await events).

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